

The Streets

"The Sherry End"

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'Till the very end
We'll be just as friends
I've know you better
You've seen my worst
So let's invent words

When a good night flounders
And it's over
How good it was
I tend to know
By adding up
Or rounding down
The evening's count of jokes

Me and my ilk
Share a twang that's indeciphered
By other gangs
That's a thing I love about my
Fine brothers in slang

If it's got a funny story
It's made for me
It's not for others in ear spalsh
It's ours, it's mad, it's many hours
Spent laughing at events passed
We smirk at how smart
The work that we spark
A word which people laugh at
It sparks around the crowd
This work of art
Which we have found
'Till the very end
We'll be just as friends
I've known you better
You've seen my worst
So let's invent words

I love the craze
Of the latest phrase
Amazing mongrels of conjoinment
Crazy paving sayings

Are a joy to say with mates
And girls all love the lingo
They curl right up and bingo
They go that extra smile
They go the whole damn snog

I mean it though
The joke from that one night
That was wrong
That makes no sense, really
Shorten to a word
Then to a nod
That is friendship to me

The secret handshake of three mad mates
That makes me pleased to share traits
In understanding absurdities
That mean our brains play

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